

opens Rev. James E. Walker, Mr. Sunday's assistant, visits the city, stirs up interest, and stimulates the organization of choirs, a corps of ushers, personal workers, and cottage prayer meetings. Committees of all kinds are appointed to look after every detail of the work, including committees to plan for work among men in shops and factories, among business women, among students, among boys and girls, and among church members. By the time that the Sunday party arrives an immense amount of preparatory work has been done, and the city, stirred by newspaper accounts of what is going on, is on tip-toe of expectation.

It is the preliminary work that fills the tabernacle at the first services. On Sunday mornings co-operating churches close, and their members go to the forenoon service in the tabernacle, which is always overflowing.

A Sunday campaign is a magnificent justification of the Christian Endeavor Committee system. A Chinese worker once said to a friend whom he was inviting to the society gathering, "You've got to come, for we have a committee to fetch you." Billy Sunday has committees to fetch people. He believes in hard committee work. His associates are organizers of committees to reach all classes, business men, business women, nurses, servant-maids, students, boys and girls. The committees, each under a local church-worker, cover the whole city, and through the committees the leaders are able to accomplish an amazing amount of work.

Let us see how some of the departments attack their tasks.

Rev. Isaac Ward, who is director of men's work, is a man's man, kindly, sympathetic and straightforward. His specific task is to reach men wherever he can find groups to talk to. Of course he works through the Young Men's Christian Association, and with its aid secures admission to many factories. But he also seeks out factories and shops where meetings have never been held, explains the purpose of the campaign, and almost always gets permission to conduct meetings during the lunch hours.

Often the men he addresses are indifferent, sometimes they are positively hostile; but that does not matter. While the men are eating their lunches, the members of the little party begin to sing, and when the men have finished eating they, too, are tempted to join in the songs. There is something about the singing—or is it the singers?—that melts opposition. Faces relax, the sneer disappears, the light of a new interest illumines the eyes. Mr. Ward explains the campaign, sets right some common false impressions, and then makes a simple, manly appeal to the men to cut out their sins and be true men. If he has a motto in this work, it is this: "Back to God and back to the church." It is amazing how ready men are to respond. In one shop in Boston, where no meeting had ever been held before, two thousand men listened earnestly to the message, and, when Mr. Ward appealed to them to discard their evil ways, 1,500 showed their intention of trying by shooting their hands into the air.

The work's just beginning in Boston, but in some cities Mr. Ward and local workers have held as many as seventy meetings a week.

It is work that pays. Many wives have written that after these meetings they saw for the first time in their lives the color of a pay envelope. In one city two saloons situated near a big factory went out of business because the men had no more use for booze. One woman said after some shop meetings: "I knew when I saw my husband coming home that something had happened to him. I knew

because he took off his hat and waved it to me as I stood in the window, and I knew because he passed the corner saloon." In another factory, not in Boston, after the usual short talk, a laborer came up to Mr. Ward and said: "I wish I had heard that talk twenty years ago. At that time I was superintendent of this shop; but booze got me, and now I'm only a common laborer."

Billy Sunday encourages the idea of delegations to the tabernacle. Many a man will come with his comrades in a group who would hesitate to go alone. So Mr. Ward invites the men at shops and in factories to come in groups. Special seats are reserved for them, and special admission tickets are distributed. All workers in the Sunday party follow this policy.

Work among business girls is even more highly organized than the factory work with men. A business women's committee has charge of this work, under the direction of Miss Frances Miller, of the Sunday party. This committee appoints two women in each large department store and in each office building to work among the women where they are. These select a girl on each floor of the store, or on each floor of the office building, and these girls are expected to reach the girls around them, invite them to the meetings, and, if they can, win them to Christ. Hundreds of girls are doing this work in Boston. One girl in the first three weeks of the campaign led to Christ eighteen girls and one young man. Sometimes the workers meet opposition, but more often they receive encouragement. They, too, plan to bring delegations to the tabernacle; they issue the tickets, and talk up the meetings. One large store sent a thousand girls to one of the meetings.

But observe, long before the girls in a store reach the point of wanting to go in a body, a great deal of personal work has been done among them. They have been prayed for as well as invited. Their interest has been aroused. They have been thinking about spiritual things. It needs, perhaps, but one strong word to draw them "over the line." Many a girl—and man, too—is on the very verge of decision before she comes with her delegation. Is it any wonder that hundreds are led to make the great decision?

Three days a week special noon meetings are held for the business girls. Lunch is served—three substantial sandwiches and a cup of coffee—for five cents, and after lunch Miss Frances Miller talks to the girls for half an hour. She speaks every half hour from 11:30 A. M. to 1:30 P. M. A great host of devoted women from Boston churches prepare and serve these lunches. The high-water mark was reached one day when they provided for thirteen hundred girls. Today Congregational women will be on duty; another day, Baptist women, and so around the denominations.

Another worker, Mrs. William Asher, is detailed to reach the girls in factories. She holds noon meetings at these places, and with great success. She goes wherever there are girls who cannot attend the noon meetings. She has meetings in the Young Women's Christian Association, meetings for servant-maids, and, perhaps most interesting of all, meetings for hospital nurses. She especially emphasizes the wonderful opportunity for service that a hospital nurse enjoys, and many have found long-lost ideals as they listened to her warm words of sympathy.

In one factory in Philadelphia, which at first refused to admit the workers, a Christian Endeavor girl started a lunch-hour song. The movement grew, and led to the formation

of a prayer circle and the winning of 150 girls for Christ. The boss of another factory also refused permission to hold meetings. The girls got three hundred signatures to a petition, and the firm yielded. "I had no idea," said the superintendent, "that these girls were interested in religion."

Work among boys and girls is in the hands of Miss Alice Miriam Gamlin. Her meetings are held almost entirely in churches immediately after the day schools close.

Miss Gamlin also holds meetings for parents to press home the need of their co-operation to help their children to live straight, true lives. Sometimes the indifferent are aroused when this problem is put before them. One day a worker visited a woman whose boy had signed a card at one of the meetings, promising to take Christ as his Saviour and live for him. Invited to attend a meeting for parents, this woman said that she was not interested. The worker produced the boy's card, and said: "Your boy signed this. You recognize his handwriting. Don't you think you ought to help him to lead this kind of life?" The woman was thunderstruck. She said at last: "If my boy is interested in religion, I really ought to be interested, too."

At the Sunday meetings the converts, or trall-hitters, are not pushed out into the night and forgotten. They sign cards, giving name and address and denominational choice, and these cards are sifted out and handed to co-operating pastors in the various districts. The pastors look up those who sign the cards, invite them to church, and give them a cordial welcome.

But more than that. During the campaign something is done for the spiritual wants of the converts, and all others who care to take advantage of the service. Miss Grace Saxe holds Bible classes in churches, giving several courses of Bible lectures. Miss Miller also organizes Bible classes in stores and offices. These classes meet once a week, and are conducted by the girls themselves. Very often they continue long after the Sunday party has gone.

One wants to speak of the work done by Miss Fetterolf among students, and by Miss Lamont in Bible study; but what we have written will give an idea of the careful organization of every detail of these tremendous campaigns.

Mr. Sunday is a centre of it all. His spirit vitalizes it. The influence of his vibrant personality is felt in every part of the organization. For him organization is a means to an end. In itself it is worthless; but so far as it accomplishes results for the kingdom, it is good and necessary.

If the churches would organize as carefully and work as faithfully, they would get larger results than come to them today.—The Christian Endeavor World.

## Temperance

### UNDOING THE WORK OF THE SALOON.

By Ex-Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana.

I am told over and over again that I am making much noise about a small matter; that if I let the liquor traffic alone it will let me alone. . . . It is not true that if you let the traffic alone it will let you alone.

In the middle of my term of office as Governor of Indiana, there came into my office, one afternoon, a little woman. She was plainly clad. Her dress was calico. Her shoes were coarse. The evidences of toil were

upon her hands. She led by the hands a little child scarcely three years old, bright-eyed, with sunlit hair, and there was something in him that appealed to the best there was in me; and, stirred by his bright eyes, I said to the mother, as kindly as I knew:

"Madam, what can I do for you?"

She said: "Governor, I have come to ask you to give me back my husband."

"Give you back your husband? Why, madam, I haven't your husband."

"Oh, yes, you have, Governor. You have had him for five months—ever since last September, down at Jeffersonville, in the State Reformatory, and I want you to give him back to me."

"In Jeffersonville, in the State Reformatory? Then your husband is a bad man, a criminal, and I can't give him back to you."

"No, he is not a criminal, Governor. I know he committed a great crime—highway robbery in the night-time. I do not palliate his offense, or excuse it; but, after all, he was not a criminal."

"Not a criminal, and committed a highway robbery in the night-time? Woman, it is the gravest crime but one the law knows, and the man who undertakes its commission takes the hazard of taking human life. No. Your husband is a criminal, and I cannot give him back to you. My duty to society and to the Commonwealth precludes my giving him back to you."

And then she said: "Sir, I misjudged you. I thought you were a just man, and that you would exercise your great power with considerate kindness. If I were rich, I would employ counsel, and they would come here and you would hear them by the hour, and you would not judge until you had heard; but when I come in my weakness and in my poverty, you pass judgment before you have heard me."

Rebuked, I bowed my head, and then she said:

"We were boy and girl together out here in an Indiana village, my husband and I. We grew to manhood and womanhood together. We came to love each other, and four years ago we stood at the altar and plighted ourselves in the solemn ceremony of marriage. We turned from the church with high hopes. We were poor, but we were young and strong, and my husband was honest and sober and industrious. We were too poor to buy a home, but we found one of two rooms that we could rent, and we rented them, and we were happy there. Then, three years ago, the baby came—this little boy—and he drew our lives closer together and melted our hearts into one. It was his, it was mine, and we had begun to build air castles about him.

"There was no cloud upon our sky until last September, on Labor Day, when my husband went with a party of friends down to Shelbyville, twenty miles away, to attend a Labor Day celebration; and down there, for the first time in his life, he indulged in intoxicants, and by night he was maudlin drunk. Starting home with his companions in a conveyance, and meeting a stranger in the highway, in the darkness, they stopped him and robbed him. But before they reached the city of Indianapolis, overcome and aroused by the thought of the great crime in which he had helped, my husband got out of the vehicle, walked back to Shelbyville, reached it in the gray dawn of the early morning, and, hunting up the sheriff, surrendered himself, and told the whole pitiful story.

"They arrested him, and he sent for